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What is A Christian

and

A Talk on Books

Henry Drummond
F. R. S. E., F. G. S., L. L. D.

A Biographical Sketch of the Author
by
James MacArthur

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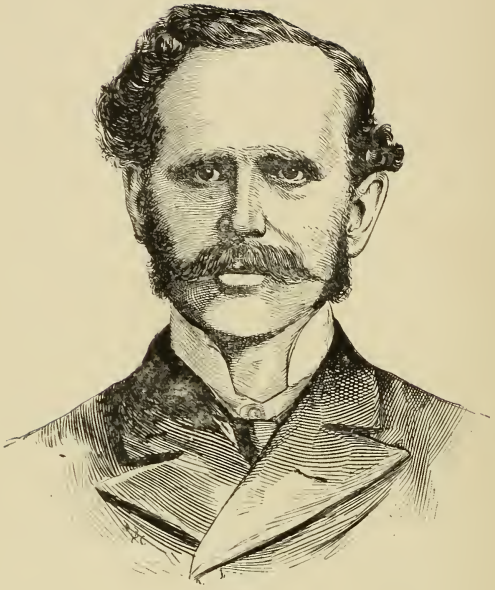

Yours very sincerely
Henry Drummond.

WHAT IS A CHRISTIAN

AND

A TALK ON BOOKS

BY

HENRY DRUMMOND, F.R.S.E., F.G.S., L.L.D

AUTHOR OF "NATURAL LAW IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD,"
AND "THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD."

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR BY
JAMES MacARTHUR.

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"WHAT is a Christian?"—the question which gives title to the first of these addresses—is answered by Professor Drummond with that felicity of manner peculiar to himself. It contains all the qualities of his other writings—their modernness, their keen perception and lucid statement of living issues, their nobility of feeling.

"A Talk on Books" contains wise counsel on the subject of forming a library, and on choosing the best books essential to self-education and relaxation of the mind. It is interlarded with pleasant reminiscences and interesting autobiographical matter, and is written in the delightful and fascinating style for which Mr. Drummond is famous.

These addresses have been in part compiled from stenographic reports, and are now published for the first time.

The biographical sketch is written by one who has been closely acquainted with the movements of Professor Drummond in Scotland, thereby affording the reader an authentic and personal account of his career.

JOHN KNOX & CO.

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PROF. HENRY DRUMMOND

F.R.S.E., F.G.S., L.L.D.

"DO YOU see that tall, stalwart, well-knit figure in front of us?" observed a friend to me a few years ago, as we paced along one of Glasgow's fine promenades, "well, that is the famous author of 'Natural Law in the Spiritual World.'" This was my first glimpse of the man who had but a few weeks previous been little recked of outside his little circle in Scotland, and whose name has since been trumpeted all the world over.

What I saw was a large-browed and keen-eyed man with delicate features, alert in manner, youthful in appearance and dressed to fastidiousness, with his hands buried in the pockets of a newmarket. His vigorous step had in it the promise of work still to be done; and the breadth of his shoulder spoke of masculine strength and vast powers of endurance. He wore the look of a much travelled man—an impression also conveyed in the reading of his books. In actual travelling he has seen America, and studied the geology of the Rocky Mountains; and, not content with a feat which is now comparatively easy to every man who has a little leisure on his hands and some money in his pocket, he has paid a visit for scientific purposes to the lakes district of Africa,

and has been in Australia stirring up the life of the universities. His mental range partakes of the physical type; intellectually he is by training a scientific observer, and by profession a lecturer on natural science; while his own temperament and his long connection with the theological college of the Free Church in Glasgow, Scotland, have also led him to study, not only the theory of religion, but the practical methods of working out the religious life in the present day. Like Professor Bryce, to whom America is also deeply indebted, Professor Drummond is a wanderer by instinct, and the spirit of daring and adventure inherent in the race to which he belongs has entered largely into his nature. Unlike some travellers, he is the most sociable of men, and

just as the style of his writing has captivated thousands by its happy combination of qualities, so the man has exercised a charm for years over many of the most thoughtful youths of Scotland; and the same elements of conquest have won for him the admiration and regard of large audiences wherever he has appeared in public.

The events which give romantic interest and public importance to any man's career, and upon which the eyes of all men are riveted, are, in the present instance, made conspicuous by their absence. The whole English-speaking race rings to the name of Professor Drummond, but few can relate any fact of his life outside of his public appearances. The reason is not far to

seek. This singular ignorance, where indifference is the last reason for it, is not so much to be attributed to the extreme modesty or retirement of Mr. Drummond, but mainly because the "happenings" or occurrences which afford material to the biographer are lacking. The lines of his life have been set in pleasant places, and the even current of his days records a career of uninterrupted flow and delicious calm almost always denied to the successful candidates for fortune's smile and public favor. Few men have tasted more of the sweets of life than Professor Drummond. The sunshine of prosperity has beamed on him with lavish effulgence. He has had the friendship of the greatest of his time, and he has not lacked for the affection and sympathy which

shines clearest when the sky is dark and lowering. His own experience of life can be read in the light of his teaching. The audience he addresses himself to is the measure of his own verification of life. They are those "for whom the past is not deeply stained, for whom the future lies in a tender haze. Of the mystery and tragedy of the weary, evil, guilty world they know little. They have yet to understand the hollowness of life, the evanescence of sunshine." Of "poortith cauld," the inheritance of so many of his sturdy Scottish brothers who have struggled to distinction above their fellows, Professor Drummond has known nothing, of failure, disappointment, weakness, sorrow, less than most.

Henry Drummond was born forty years

ago in Stirling, not far from Scotland's famous battle-field at Bannockburn. His father, who lived to be an octogenarian, died two years ago, lamented by, not only his townsfolk, but by many eminent men in the Scottish Church who bore witness to his sterling character and to the great service he had rendered religion by the diffusion of Christianity. "Drummond's Tract Society" has been heard of beyond the Border; but few who took notice of it, associated its management with "our Drummond." Henry was educated at Edinburgh University, where he graduated, and thereafter passed through the Free Church Divinity School in that city. He was duly ordained a minister of that religious body, but the prefix "Reverend" has had to give place to "Pro-

fessor," and Mr. Drummond himself has always given the preference to the latter.

In the year 1873, when he was finishing his seven years' course at the University, Mr. D. L. Moody, the American evangelist arrived in Edinburgh in the line of his Scottish tour. There is no doubt that Mr. Moody's strong personality and peculiar influence made a striking impression on young Drummond, who was at that time seriously bent on devoting himself with greater zeal and purpose to aggressive Christian work. Carrying a number of students with him in his new-born enthusiasm, he threw himself heartily into mission work with Mr. Moody. This keen observer of men, with that wise discernment which has characterized his choice of the right man for the

right place in many centres of his evangelistic activity, soon had the young student brought to the front as a representative of young men; and in many of the great meetings held throughout the country during the ensuing months, Mr. Drummond was the right hand of Mr. Moody in his labors among young men.

It will be remembered that it was the persuasive power of another American evangelist, Mr. Pierson, that decided the heroic young Mackay to enter the African missionfield; and Professor Drummond, while in this country with Mr. Moody at Chatauqua was not slow to confirm the witness of this period in his life to the formative and decisive influence of the evangelist in guiding him to the leadership of

the best thought and intelligence of the youth of Scotland. For, although he pursued his work as a missionary, first in the Island of Malta and latterly in Glasgow for some time after receiving his license, he ultimately found his happiest sphere of activity, and that for which his peculiar gifts qualified him among the students in Edinburgh. His distinctive and largest work indeed, is that of which the world hears least. Sunday after Sunday he has been engaged for years throughout the University session at Edinburgh in religious work with the students, and the meetings have been attended by not less than five to seven hundred students. Whether in Edinburgh or in America or Australia, he has been recognized as the exponent—call it

prophet if you will—of a new religious movement in the universities of the old and new worlds. With the growth of recent interest in the social problem has developed a larger interest in the sociology of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and in touch with this movement has sprung up the "University Settlement" scheme, which provides for the settlement of companies of young men from the universities among the poor, where they combine Christian living with high thinking and specific study, endeavoring by all personal means to influence the community in which they are stationed through the Christ-force of their daily lives. In his address on "What is a Christian?" Professor Drummond has described in a felicitous manner the working methods of this scheme

in Edinburgh, with which he continues to be closely connected. The Professor is in his natural element when among the students, and accordingly his care and attention have been chiefly devoted to their interests. He wields a unique influence over them, and wisely limits himself to this class, rarely speaking in public, except to address the students, or on such an occasion as the mustering of the Boys' Brigade in Glasgow a few years ago to listen to his words of counsel. But he has a large following, and his disciples are to be found everywhere and among all sorts and conditions of men. For, although his addresses are all more or less the result of contributions to the highly-privileged class of students, their catholic and essentially

Christian treatment of the common truths and wayside thoughts of religious experience have made them the property of all religious people.

What remains to be narrated of Mr. Drummond's career is already public fact. In 1883 he went to the Dark Continent, partly on behalf of the Lakes Navigation Company, to study the geology and the botany of the country, and shortly after his return he was appointed to the Chair of Natural Science in Glasgow. This chair is one peculiar to Scottish theological seminaries, and does not exist in America; indeed, nowhere is scientific study pursued with such assiduity and research as in the divinity schools of Scotland. In 1887 he came to America and figured prominently

at the annual Chatauqua meetings. At Northfield he delivered in its first form the now famous address on "The Greatest Thing in the World." He also lectured on his travels in Africa, and subsequently he enlarged and revised these lectures, and included a highly interesting and ingenious essay on "The White Ant" of Africa, originally issued in *Good Words*. The whole appeared in book-form under the title "Tropical Africa," a cheaper and abridged edition of which has been issued entitled "Nyassa-Land." In this unique publication, "worth many an octavo volume of travel," Mr. Drummond as an author, appears in his best and happiest mood, all the literary qualities of his brilliant mind, all the graces of his winning style, are

found in its pages—nothing like it, in point of fact, has been written on the same theme. Last year Australia was favored with his latest "peregrinity," as Carlyle would put it, in answer to a pressing invitation from some of the students of the Australian universities.

During the past winter months the students of Glasgow and Edinburgh have still had the genial presence of the gifted scholar and scientist among them. On week days he is to be found in Glasgow teaching science, and on Sundays he is in Edinburgh preaching Christ to the students. He has the gift of utterance as well as of writing; and his tall lithe form, his easy manner, his clear voice under full control, his thoughtful attitude and fresh statement

of truth make him acceptable as a teacher to young men. His spoken style is terse, nervous, restrained, always interesting and, like his written style, flooding his brilliant sentences with a stream of sunshine. The burden of his message is always the same, it never varies. "To become like Christ," he says "is the only thing in the world worth caring for, the thing before which every ambition of man is folly and all lower achievement vain. Those only who make this quest the supreme desire and passion of their lives can even begin to hope to reach it . . . The Image of Christ that is forming within us—that is life's one charge. Let every project stand aside for that." In such words is summed up the essence of his teaching. As he

said to the students in Edinburgh one day, "Christianity is just the school of Christ. Christians are just those who have caught Christ's ideas, and have vowed allegiance to His person, and who seek to spread abroad His teaching of love one to another, and to humanity." The relation of the following incident sums up perhaps better than anything else Professor Drummond's attitude to the religious world. When he left Japan, the native minister gave him a message for Europe. It was brief, but pregnant: "Send us no more doctrines; we are tired of them; send us Christ." In that sentence, not merely Japan, but the whole world expresses its deepest need.

We quote the following able analysis of the elements of Professor Drummond's

power, from the pen of a profound scholar and divine. "He has a certain magnetic quality, both as a writer and as a speaker, but it can be analysed. He has a style—not a style to move "the lonely rapture of lonely minds," but one which arrests the busy crowd—clear, pleasant, flowing with faint hues of poetry. He is never allusive, superior, strained; he does not condescend; he is always himself, a courteous, unaffected gentleman, with a sincere respect for his audience. He is an adept at the art of translating scientific ideas into common English, and can impart the touch that redeems the familiar from platitude. Then he has a message, a secret. No one can hope long to touch men by mere cleverness or rhetorical skill. Can he guide

me? comes to be the question at last. Those who find the right road from the blows they receive on the right hand and the left when deviating into wrong roads. are grateful for a wisdom which comes more easily, and Mr. Drummond is nothing if not practical. He has a system as well as a message. The man of one idea is not so powerful as he used to be. The age dreads nothing so much as the Bore, and it does not always discriminate. But a man with a system—provided he is not continually rattling the skeleton—is the man of influence. A brilliant preacher of the day humorously compares his sermons to little heaps of earth flung up by a mole; they make a track. In the same way Mr. Drummond's ideas have a continuity. That

one-half of his scheme of thought is studiously kept out of sight does not lessen the interest taken in it, and, like all men whose ideas are coherent, he gives the impression of being at peace in thought."

The successor of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" has still to make its appearance and there is reason to believe it will not be long delayed. Just before embarking for Australia, Mr. Drummond confided to some of his friends that he proposed in a new book to set forth Christianity in the light of evolution. The religious thought of the world is ripe for such a work, it will now at least be met with an open mind—his previous study in this department having prepared the way for this new departure.

JAMES MACARTHUR.

WHAT IS A CHRISTIAN

"A Christian is a man to whom Jesus Christ intrusts all his fellowmen; nothing can be foreign to him which concerns any one of his brethren."—HENRI PERREYVE.

"Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood thou;
Our wills are ours, we know not how,
Our wills are ours to make them thine."
—*In Memoriam*, TENNYSON.

"I am the way, the truth and the life."
—ST. JOHN.

WHAT IS A CHRISTIAN

YOUNG men are learning to respect more perhaps than ever young men have done the word "Christian." I have seen the time when it was synonymous with cant and unreality and strained feeling and sanctimoniousness. But although that day is not quite passed yet, it is passing. I heard this definition the other day of a Christian man by a cynic—"A Christian man is a man whose great aim in life is a selfish desire to serve his own soul, who, in order to do that, goes regularly to church, and

whose supreme hope is to get to Heaven when he dies." This reminds one of Professor Huxley's examination paper in which the question was put—"What is a lobster?" One student replied that a lobster was a red fish, which moved backwards. The examiner noted that this was a very good answer, but for three things. In the first place a lobster was not a fish; second it was not red; and third it did not move backwards. If there is anything that a Christian is not, it is one who has a selfish desire to save his own soul. The one thing which Christianity tries to extirpate from a man's nature is selfishness, even though it be the losing of his own soul.

Christianity, as we understand it from Christ, appeals to the generous side of a young

man's nature, and not to the selfish side. In the new version of the New Testament the word "soul" is always translated in this connection by the word "life." That marks a revolution in popular theology, and it will make a revolution in every Young Man's Christian Association in the country where it comes to be seen that a man's Christianity does not consist in merely saving his own soul, but in sanctifying and purifying the lives of his fellowmen. We are told in the New Testament that Christianity is leaven, and "leaven" comes from the same root word as lever, meaning that which raises up, which elevates; and a Christian young man is a man who raises up or elevates the lives of those round about him. We are also told that Christ-

ianity is salt, and salt is that which saves from corruption. What is it that saves the life of the world from being utterly rotten, but the Christian elements that are in it? Mathew Arnold has said, "Show me ten square miles in any part of the world outside Christianity where the life of man and the purity of women are safe, and I will give Christianity up." In no part of the world is there any such ten square miles outside Christianity. Christian men are the salt of the earth in the most literal sense. They, and they alone, keep the world from utter destruction.

I want to say a word here about the Young Men's Christian Associations. Many have criticised them. They have been the target for a great deal of abuse. Many of

the best young men have sneered at them, and turned up their noses at them, and denounced them. I am speaking with absolute sympathy and respect, and even enthusiasm for Young Men's Christian Associations. But I will turn for one instant upon those men who turn against them, and tell them that it is not breadth that leads them to do that, but what one might call the narrowness of breadth —that breadth which denounces intolerance, and which is itself too intolerant to tolerate intolerance. And, as someone says, it is easier to criticise the best thing superbly than to do the smallest thing indifferently.

It is very easy to criticise the methods and aims and men of the Young Men's Christian Associations. If, instead of looking on and criticising those who know a thing or

two, those who think they are wiser, and that they have the whole truth, would throw themselves in among others and back them and try to work alongside of them, they would get perhaps their breadth tempered by earnestness and by zeal, because the narrow man has much to contribute to the Christian cause, perhaps more than the broad man. But it needs all kinds of people to make a world; it needs all kinds of people to make a church, and every type of young men a Christian Association; and the greatest mistake of all is to have every man stamped in the same stamp, so that if you met him in a railway train one hundred miles off, you would know him as a Y. M. C. A. man. I would like to find many who would not wear the badge

so pronouncedly, that everyone should know them at a glance.

There is only one great character in the world that can really draw out all that is best in men. He is so far above all others in influencing men for good that He stands alone. That man was the founder of Christianity. To be a Christian man is to have that character for our ideal in life, to live under its influence, to do what He would wish us to do, to live the kind of life he would have lived in our house, and had He our day's routine to go through. It would not, perhaps, alter the forms of our life, but it would alter the spirit and aims and motives of our life, and the Christian man is he who in that sense lives under the influence of Jesus Christ.

Now, there is nothing that a young man wants for his ideal that is not found in Christ. You would be surprised when you come to know who Christ is, if you have not thought much about it, to find how He will fit in with all human needs, and call out all that is best in man. The highest and manliest character that ever lived was Christ. One incident I often think of and wonder. You remember, when He hung upon the cross, there was handed up to Him a vessel containing a stupefying drug, supplied by a kind society of ladies in Jerusalem, who always sent it to criminals when being executed. And that stupefying drug was handed up to Christ's lips. And we read, "When He tasted thereof He would not drink." I have always thought

that one of the most heroic actions I have ever read of. But that was only one very small side of Christ's nature. He can be everything that a man wants. Paul tells us that if we live in Christ we are changed into His image. All that a man has to do, then, to be like Christ, is simply to live in friendship with Christ, and the character follows.

But it is only one of the aims of Christianity to make the best men. The next thing Christ wants to do is to make the best world. And He tries to make the best world by setting the best men loose upon the world to influence it and reflect Him upon it. In 1874 a religious movement began in Edinburgh University among the students themselves, that has since

spread to some of the best academic institutions in America. The students have a hall, and there they meet on Sundays, or occasionally on week days, to hear addresses from their professors, or from outside eminent men, on Christian topics. There is no committee; there are no rules; there are no reports. Every meeting is held strictly in private, and any attempt to pose before the world is sternly discouraged. No paragraphs are put into the journals; no addresses are reported. The meetings are private, quiet, earnest, and whatsoever student likes may attend them. That is all. It is not an organization in the ordinary sense, it is a "leaven." In all the schools it is the best men who take most part in the movement, and

among the schools it is the medical side which furnishes the greatest number of students to the meetings. Some of the most zealous have taken high honors in their examinations, and some have been in the first class of university athletes. It is not a movement that has laid hold of weak or worthless students whom nobody respects, but one that is maintained by the best men in every department. The first benefit is to the students themselves. Take Edinburgh, with about 4,000 students drawn from all parts of the world, and living in rooms with no one caring for them. Taken away from the moral support of their previous surroundings, they went to the bad in hundreds. It is now found that through this movement they

work better, and that a greater percentage pass honorably through the university portals into life. The religious meetings, it is to be observed, are never allowed to interfere with the work of the students. The second result is to be seen in what are called university settlements. A few men will band themselves together and rent a house in the lower parts of the city and live there. They do no preaching, no formal evangelization work; but they help the sick and they arrange smoking concerts, and contribute to the amusement of their neighbors. They simply live with the people, and trust that their example will produce a good effect. Three years ago they printed and distributed among themselves the following "Programme of

Christianity:"—"To bind up the broken hearted, to give liberty to the captives, to comfort all that mourn, to give beauty for ashes, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." I suppose there are few of us with broken hearts, but there are other people in the world besides ourselves, and underneath all the gaiety of the city there is not a street in which there are not men and women with broken hearts. Who is to help these people? No one can lift them up in any way except those who are living the life of Christ, and it is their privelege and business to bind up the broken hearted.

I want to urge the claims of the Christian ministry on the strength and talent of our youth. I find a singular want of

men in the Christian ministry, and I think it would be at least worth while for some of you to look around, to look at the men who are not filling the churches, to look at the needs of the crowds who throng the streets, and see if you could do better with your life than throw yourself into that work. The advantage of the ministry is that a man's whole life can be thrown into the carrying out of that programme without any deduction. Another advantage of the ministry is that it is so poorly paid that a man is not tempted to cut a dash and shine in the world, but can be meek and lowly in heart, like his Master. It is enough for a servant to be like his master, and there is a great attraction in seeking obscurity, even isolation. It

one can be following the highest ideal.

With regard to the question, how you shall begin the Christian life, let me remind you that theology is the most abstruse thing in the world, but that practical religion is the simplest thing. If any of you want to know how to begin to be a Christian, all I can say is that you should begin to do the next thing you find to be done as Christ would have done it. If you follow Christ the "old man" will die of atrophy, and the "new man" will grow day by day under His abiding friendship.

No book is worth anything which is not worth much nor is it serviceable until it has been read, and re-read, and loved, and loved again; and marked so that you can refer to the passages you want in it, as a soldier can seize the weapons he needs in any armory, or a housewife bring the piece she needs from her store.

—JOHN RUSKIN.

Except a living man, there is nothing more wonderful than a book!—A message to us from the dead—from human souls whom we never saw, who lived, perhaps, thousands of miles away, and yet these, or those little sheets of paper, speak to us, amuse us, comfort us, open their hearts to us as brothers.

—CHAS. KINGSLEY.

Good books, like good friends, are few and chosen; the more select the more enjoyable.

—A. BRANSON ALCOTT.

A TALK ON BOOKS

A TALK ON BOOKS

My object at this time is to give encouragement and help to the "duffers," the class of "hopeful duffers." Brilliant students have every help, but second-class students are sometimes neglected and disheartened. I have great sympathy "with the duffers," because I was only a second-rate student myself. The subject of my talk with you is

BOOKS

A gentleman in Scotland who has an

excellent library has placed on one side of the room his heavy sombre tomes, and over those shelves the form of an owl. On the other side of the room are arranged the lighter books, and over these is the figure of a bird known in Scotland as "the dipper." This is a most sensible division. The "owl books" are to be mastered,—the great books, such as Gibbon's "Rome," Butler's "Analogy," Dorner's "Person of Christ," and text-books of philosophy and science. Every student should master one or two, at least, of such "owl books," to exercise his faculties, and give him concentrativeness. I do not intend to linger at this side of the library, but will cross over to the "dipper books," which are for

occasional reading—for stimulus, for guidance, recreation. I will be

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL

When I was a student in lodgings I began to form a library, which I arranged along the mantleshelf of my room. It did not contain many books; but it held as many as some students could afford to purchase, and if wisely chosen, as many as one could well use. My first purchase was a volume of extracts from Ruskin's works, which then in their complete form were very costly. Ruskin taught me to use my eyes. Men are born blind as bats or kittens, and it is long before men's eyes are opened, some men never learn to see as long as they live. I often wondered, if

there was a Creator, why He had not made the world more beautiful. Would not crimson and scarlet colors have been far richer than green and browns? But Ruskin taught me to see the world as it is, and it soon became a new world to me, full of charm and loveliness. Now I can linger beside a ploughed field and revel in the affluence of color and shade which are to be seen in the newly turned furrows, and I gaze in wonder at the liquid amber of the two feet of air above the brown earth. Now the colors and shades of the woods are a delight, and at every turn my eyes are surprised at fresh charms. The rock which I had supposed to be naked I saw clothed with lichens—patches of color—marvellous organisms, frail

as the ash of a cigar, thin as brown paper, yet growing and fructifying in spite of wind and rain, of scorching sun and biting frost. I owe much to Ruskin for teaching me to see.

Next on my mantelshelf was Emerson. I discovered Emerson for myself. When I asked what Emerson was, one authority pronounced him a great man; another as confidently wrote him down a humbug. So I silently stuck to Emerson. Carlyle I could not read. After wading through a page of Carlyle I felt as if I had been whipped. Carlyle scolded too much for my taste and he seemed to me a great man gone delirious. But in Emerson I found what I would fain have sought in Carlyle; and, moreover, I was soothed and helped.

Emerson taught me to see with the mind.

Next on my shelf came two or three volumes of George Eliot's works, from which I gained some knowledge and a further insight into many philosophical and social questions. But my chief debt to George Eliot at that time was that she introduced me to pleasant characters—nice people—and especially to one imaginary young lady whom I was in love with one whole winter, and it diverted my mind in solitude. A good novel is a valuable acquisition, and it supplies companionship of a pleasant kind.

Amongst my small residue of books I must name Channing's works. Before I read Channing I doubted whether there was a God; at least I would rather have believed that there were no God. After becoming

acquainted with Channing I could believe there was a God, and I was glad to believe in Him, for I felt drawn to the good and gracious Sovereign of all things. Still, I needed further what I found in F. W. Robertson, the British officer in the pulpit —bravest, truest of men—who dared to speak what he believed at all hazards. From Robertson I learned that God is human; that we may have fellowship with Him, because He sympathises with us.

One day as I was looking over my mantelshelf library, it suddenly struck me that all these authors of mine were heretics—these were dangerous books. Undesignedly I had found stimulus and help from teachers who were not credited by orthodoxy. And I have since found that

much of the good to be got from books is to be gained from authors often classed as dangerous, for these provoke inquiry, and exercise one's powers. Towards the end of my shelf I had one or two humorous works; chief amongst them all being Mark Twain. His humor is peculiar; broad exaggeration, a sly simplicity, comical situations, and surprising turns of expressions; but to me it has been a genuine fund of humor. The humorous side of a student's nature needs to be considered, and where it is undeveloped, it should be cultivated. I have known many instances of good students who seemed to have no sense of humor.

I will not recommend any of my favorite books to another; they have done me good, but they might not suit another man.

Every man must discover his own books; but when he has found what fits in with his tastes, what stimulates him to thought, what supplies a want in his nature, and exalts him in conception and feeling, that is the book for the student, be what it may. This brings me to speak of

THE FRIENDSHIP OF BOOKS

To fall in love with a good book is one of the greatest events that can befall us. It is to have a new influence pouring itself into our life, a new teacher to inspire and refine us, a new friend to be by our side always, who, when life grows narrow and weary, will take us into his wider and calmer and higher world. Whether it be biography introducing us to some humble

life made great by duty done; or history, opening vistas into the movements and destinies of nations that have passed away; or poetry making music of all the common things around us, and filling the fields, and the skies, and the work of the city and the cottage with eternal meanings—whether it be these, or story books, or religious books, or science, no one can become the friend even of one good book without being made wiser and better. Do not think I am going to recommend any such book to you. The beauty of a friend is that we discover him. And we must each taste the books that are accessible to us for ourselves. Do not be disheartened at first if you like none of them. That is possibly their fault, not yours. But search, and

search till you find what you like. In amazingly cheap form—for a few pence indeed—almost all the best books are now to be had; and I think everyone owes it as a sacred duty to his *mind* to start a little library of his own. How much do we not do for our bodies? How much thought and money do they not cost us? And shall we not think a little, and pay a little, for the clothing and adorning of the imperishable mind? This private library may begin, perhaps, with a single volume, and grow at the rate of one or two a year; but these well-chosen and well mastered, will become such a fountain of strength and wisdom that each shall be eager to add to his store. A dozen books accumulated in this way may be better than a whole library. Do not

be distressed if you do not like time-honored books, or classical works, or recommended books. Choose for yourself; trust yourself; plant yourself on your own instincts; that which is natural for us, that which nourishes us, and gives us appetite, is that which is right for us. We have all different minds, and we are all at different stages of growth. Some other day we may find food in the recommended book, though we should possibly starve on it to-day. The mind develops and changes, and the favorites of this year, also, may one day cease to interest us. Nothing better indeed can happen to us than to lose interest in a book we have often read; for it means that it has done its work upon us, and brought us up to its level, and taught us all it had to teach.

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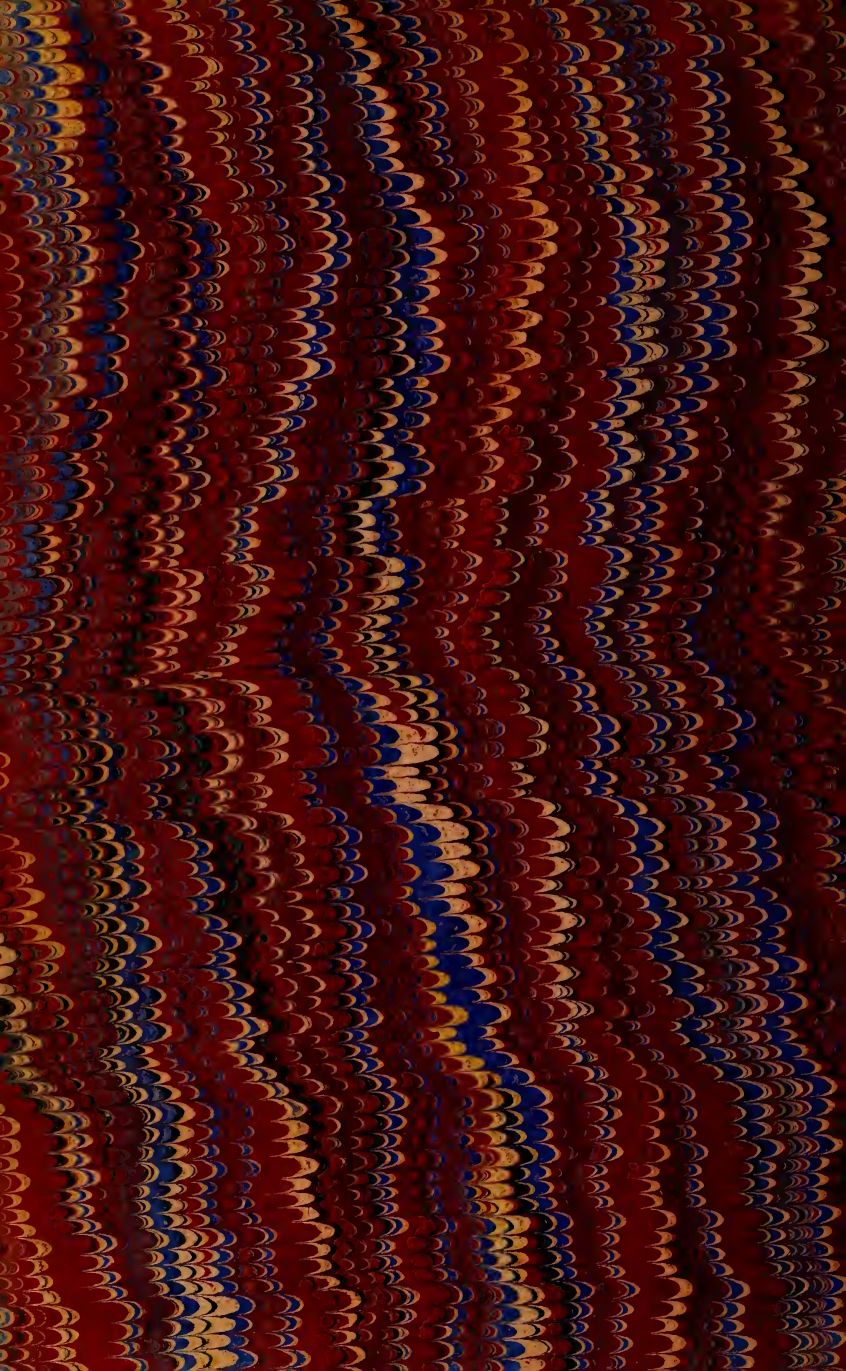

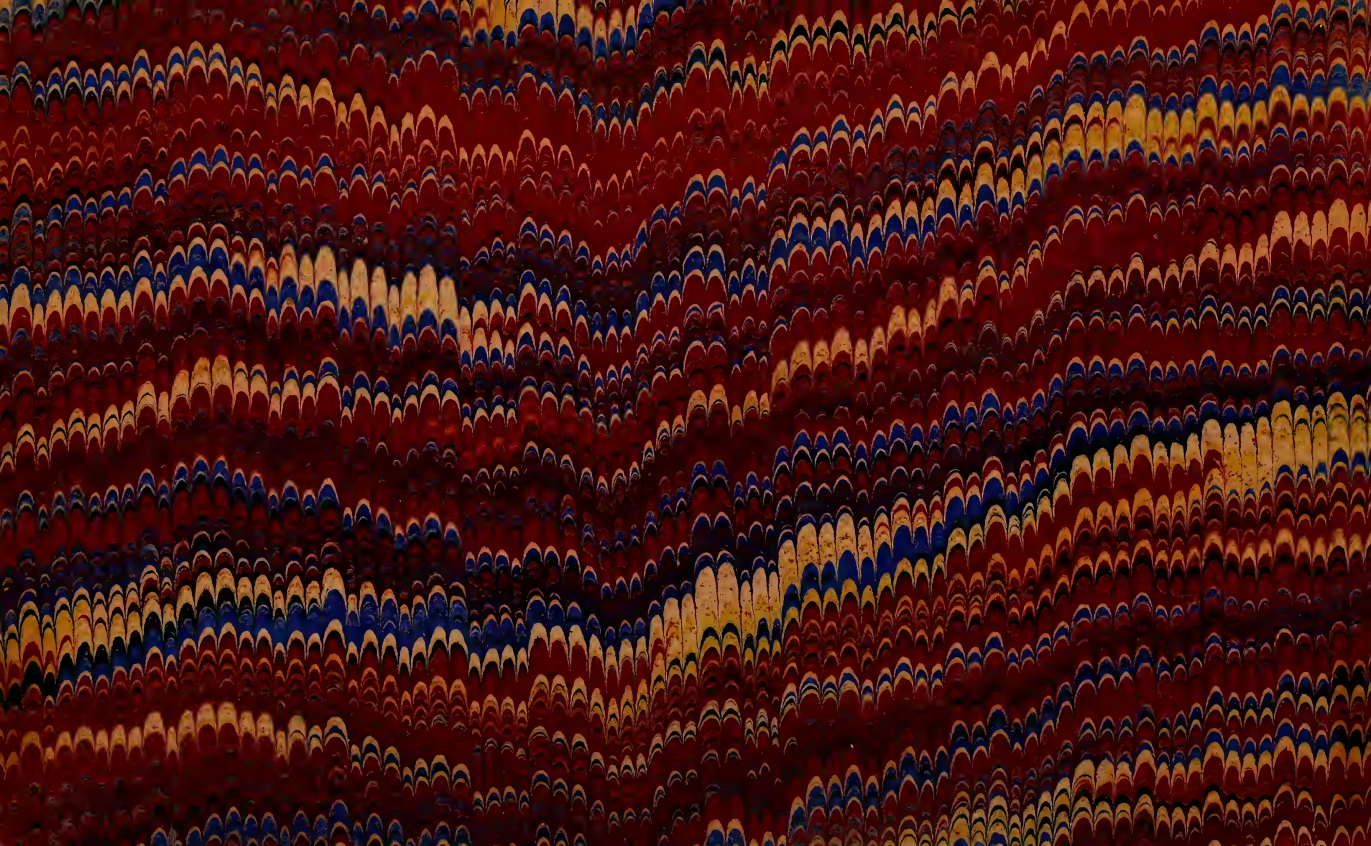

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